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thing to live upon but the worst bread and water; and the day that he eats he shall not drink, nor the day that he drinks he shall not eat; and so shall continue till he dies."—*Reilly's Dublin News Letter*, August 9, 1740.

## WHIPS FOR A PENNY.

BY MARTIN DOYLE.

"Whips for a Penny!" This cry attracted my attention; I looked about, and saw a stout young man with a bundle of children's whips under his arm, standing on a flagway in Ludgate-street, in the centre of a group of little boys, who if not wealthy enough to buy from his stock, were at least unanimously disposed to do so. The whips, considering the price, were very neatly made, and cracked melodiously, as the man took frequent opportunities of proving, for the cadences of his almost continuously repeated cry "Whips for a penny, whips for a penny!" were emphatically marked by a time-keeping "crack, crack," to the delight of the juvenile auditors.

Curious to ascertain if this person would meet such a demand for these Lilliputian whips as would afford him the means of living with reasonable comfort, I watched his movements for nearly an hour, during which period he disposed of five or six of them. One of the purchasers was a good-natured looking woman, with a male child about two years old, to whom she presented the admired object. The infant, with instinctive perception of its proper use, grasped the handle with his tiny fingers, and promptly commenced a smart but not very effective course of flagellation on the bosom from which he had derived his earlier aliment, to the infinite delight of the doting mother. A fine boy, strutting about in frock and trousers, was next introduced by his nurse to the venter of thongs, and the first application of his lash was made to an unfortunate little dog which had been separated from his owner, and was at this time roaming about in solitude and terror, and probably with an empty stomach, when Master Jack added a fresh pang to his miseries.

A harder customer came next, and flourished his whip the moment he bought it, at some weary and frightened lambs which a butcher's boy was urging forward through every obstacle, with a bludgeon, towards their slaughter-house. A half-starved kitten, which had ventured within the threshold of a shop, where in piteous posture it seemed to crave protection and a drop of milk, caught the quick eye of a fourth urchin, just as he had untwisted his lash, and was immediately started from its momentary place of refuge by the pursuing imp. A fifth came up, a big, knowing-looking chap, about twelve years old, who, after a slight and contemptuous examination of them, loudly remarked to their owner, "Vy, these ere whips a'n't no good to urt no vun—I'm blowed hif they his." You young tyrant! thought I to myself. I was moving off in disgust, when a benevolent-looking gentleman came up and was about to buy one for the happy, open-countenanced boy, who called him uncle, when I took the liberty of putting one of my forefingers to my nose, as the most ready but quiet method of indicating my desire to prevent the completion of his purpose. The gentleman took my hint at once, supposing in all probability that there was some mystery in the matter—perhaps that I wished to save him from the awkward consequences of purchasing stolen goods, and walked away. I followed him, and overtaking him, touched the rim of my beaver, as nearly as I could imitate the London mode, and at once said, "My dear sir, excuse me for obtruding my advice upon you, but as you have the organ of benevolence strongly developed, and your little nephew has already indication of its future prominence, if duly exercised, I thought it better that you should not put a whip into his hands, lest his better feelings should be counter-influenced. Look there," continued I, as we reached the steep part of Holborn-hill, "see that pair of miserable horses endeavouring to keep their footing on the steep and slippery pavement; hear the constant reverberations of the driver's whip, which he applies so unmercifully to keep them from falling, by the most forced and unnatural efforts; see them straining every muscle to drag along their burden, while they pant from pain, terror, and exhaustion; look at the frequent welts on their poor skins. Depend upon it, the fellow who drives had a penny whip for his first plaything!" The gentleman looked rather earnestly at me. "You are right, sir," said he; "early initia-

tion in the modes of cruelty"—"Precisely," said I. "The boy-child is taught to terrify any animal that comes within his reach, as soon as he is able to do so; his parents, sponsors, nurses, friends, are severally disposed to give him for his first present a toy whip, and he soon acquires dexterity in using it. Man, naturally overbearing and cruel, is rendered infinitely more so by education. He first flogs his wooden horse (the little boy pricked up his ears, and I hope will retain the impression of what passed) and then his living pony or donkey, as the case may be; he whips every thing that crosses his way; and even at the little birds, which are happily beyond the reach of his lash, he flings stones, or he robs them of their young, for the mere satisfaction of rendering them miserable."

"Ay, sir," said the gentleman, "and he becomes a sportsman in course of time, and flogs his pointers, setters, and hounds, for pursuing their instincts—he becomes their tyrant. He goes to one of our universities, perhaps, and drives gigs, tandems, and even stage-coaches, without knowing how to handle the reins; he blunders, turns corners too sharply, pulls the wrong rein, diverts the well-trained horses from their proper course, which they would have critically pursued but for his interference, nearly oversets the vehicle by his awkwardness, and then, as if to persuade the lookers on that the fault was not his, he belabours the poor brutes to the utmost of his power; or it may be, lays on the thong merely for practice until he is proficient enough to apply it *knowingly*. Are the horses tired," continued he, "worn out in service?—he flogs to keep them alive, and makes a boast of his ingenuity in forcing a jaded set to their journey's end, by establishing a 'raw,' and torturing them there."

"Depend upon it," said I, "such a chap had 'whips for a penny' when he was a child." "Quite so," said my companion; "you have put this matter before me in a new point of view." Here we were startled by the familiar sound of the coach whip, and saw a stage-driver flogging in the severest style four heated, panting, and overpowered horses, coming in with a heavily laden coach; the lash was perpetually laid on; even the keenest at the draught were flogged, that they might pull on the rest, and the less powerful were flogged to keep up with them. The coachman, no doubt, when a child, had his share of 'whips for a penny.' When he grew up and entered upon his vocation, he perhaps at first compassionated the horses which he was obliged to force to their stages in a given time; he might have had his favourites among them too, and yet often and severely tested their powers of speed or endurance; and at length, as they became diseased and stiff in the limbs, and broken-winded from overwork, he may have satisfied himself with the reflection, that the fault was not his, that his employer ought to have given him a better team, and that it was a shame for him to ask any coachman to drive such "rum uns." Habit renders him callous; he does not now feel for the sufferings of the wretched animals he guides and punishes; nay, he often coolly takes from the boot-box the short handled Tommy, which is merely the well-grown and severer whip of the species which his employer and himself had used in childhood, when they both bought "whips for a penny," and lays it as heavily as his vigorous arm empowers him, on one of the worn-out wheelers, which unhappily for themselves are within range of its infliction. The hackney-coachmen and cabmen, too,

"Though oft I've heard good judges say  
It costs them more for whips than hay,"

are not much worse than their more consequential brethren of the whip; all of them consider the noble creature, subjugated by their power, and abused most criminally through their cruelty, as a mere piece of machinery, to be flogged along like a top as long as it can be kept going.

We reached the upper end of one of the numerous lanes leading from the Thames; five splendid horses were endeavouring to draw up a heavy waggon-load of coals; but as the two first turned into the street at right angles to the others, they were not aiding those behind them. Being stopped in their progress for some time, by a crowd of coaches, chaises, cabs, carts, and omnibuses, the labour of keeping the waggon on the spot it had already attained, and which was steep and slippery, rested upon the three hinder horses. At length the team was put in motion, all the leading ones being useless in succession as they turned to the angle of the street; and just at the critical point, when the whole enormous draught rested on the shaft horse, the waggoner, taxing its strength beyond its capability, struck it with the whip. The noble brute made

one desperate plunge to execute his tyrant's will, and fell—dead upon the pavement. "I think," said my companion, "that we have had a good lesson upon whips to-day; I should prefer any other gift for my little boy here; for though it may be urged that he, like the rest of his sex at the same age, would merely make a noise with a whip, and would inflict no serious pain, I am bound to bear in mind the actual fact, that with the very sound of a whip is associated in the imagination of all domesticated animals, the apprehension of pain; that they are *terrorized* when they hear that sound, even through a child's hand, and I must therefore conclude that this symbol of cruelty should not be his plaything." I agreed with him fully, and as our business lay in different directions, we parted at Blackfriar's Bridge, not, however, until my companion of the hour had handed me his card of address. This was an act of unexpected compliment which I could not return exactly in the same way; I told him that I had never written my name on a visiting card in my life, but that I was Martin Doyle, at his service, and a contributor to the new *Irish Penny Journal*, just started in Dublin. "Is not Dublin," said he, "in Ireland?" I stared. "I believe," added he, "that Ireland is a pretty place." I wished the geographical gentleman a rather hasty farewell.

As I walked on, I pondered on the many other instances in which the whip is an instrument of terror or tyranny. First, I thought of the Russian bride meekly offering a horsewhip to her lord, as the token of her submission to the infliction of his blows, whenever it might suit his temper to bestow such proofs of tenderness upon her, and of the perpetual system of flagellation, which, as we are told by travellers, is exercised in the dominions of the great autocrat upon wives, children, servants, and cattle. I thought of French postillions—flagellators of the first order, at least as far as "cracking" without intermission testifies; and, finally, of the British horse-racer.

Horses high in mettle, ardent in the course, without a stimulus of any kind, struggle neck and neck for victory; they approach the winning post; one jockey flogs more powerfully than his compeers; the agonized horse, in his fearful efforts, is lifted as it were from the ground, by two or three desperate twinings (the stabbing at the sides is but a variety of the torture) of the cutting whalebone round his flanks; and at the critical instant, making a bound, as it were, to escape from his half-flayed skin, throws his head forward in his effort, half a yard beyond that of his rival, who has had his share of torture too, and is declared the winner—of what?—a gold-handled prize-whip, which is borne away in triumph by the owner of the winning horse! To be sure, he pockets some of that which is so truly designated "the root of all evil;" but, the acquisition of the whip is the distinguishing honour.

And how does this whip in reality differ from any of the whips for a penny? It is of pure gold and whalebone; the others are but of painted stick and the cheapest leather; yet they are both but *playthings*—the one in the hand of a man who has spent, it may be, half his patrimony, and as much of his time in the endeavour to win it, while he attaches no real or intrinsic value to it afterwards; the other in the hand of the child, to whom it appears a real and substantial prize. The jockey-man is not a whit more rational in this respect than the boy who bestrides his hobby-horse, and flourishes his penny whip.

Then succeeded to my imagination a far more brutal scene, the *steep-chase*. A horse is overpowered in a deep and heavy fallow; he is flogged to press him through it; he reaches a break-neck wall; a desperate cut of the whip sends him flying over it; again and again he puts forth his strength and speed, and falls, and rises again at the instigation of the whip. He comes to a brook; it is too wide for his failing powers, and there is a rotten and precipitous bank at the other side; he shudders, and recoils a moment, but a tremendous lash, worse than the dread of drowning, and the goading of the spur, force him in desperation to the leap; his hind feet give way at the landing side; he falls backward; his spine is broken, and at length a pistol bullet ends his miseries.

In a word, the donation of "whips for a penny" to any child, fairly starts him on the first stage of cruelty; and if, from peculiarity of temperament or the restraining influence of the beneficent Creator (who, though he has allowed man to have dominion, and has put under his feet all sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field, has withheld from him the authority to abuse his privilege), the child grows into the man who is merciful to his beast, the merit is not due to the injudicious person who first presents him with his mimic whip in infancy.

## THE WORLD'S CHANGES.

"Contarini Fleming wrote merely, *TIME*."—  
*D'Israeli the Younger.*

The Solemn Shadow that bears in his hands  
The conquering Scythe and the Glass of Sands,  
Paused once on his flight where the sunrise shone  
On a warlike city's towers of stone;  
And he asked of a panoplied soldier near,  
"How long has this fortress city been here?"  
And the man looked up, Man's pride on his brow—  
"The city stands here from the ages of old—  
And as it was then, and as it is now,  
So will it endure till the funeral kne"  
Of the world be knolled,  
As Eternity's annals shall tell."

And after a thousand years were o'er,  
The Shadow paused over the spot once more.  
And vestige was none of a city there,  
But lakes lay blue, and plains lay bare,  
And the marshalled corn stood high and pale,  
And a Shepherd piped of love in a vale.  
"How!" spake the Shadow, "can temple and tower  
Thus fleet, like mist, from the morning hour?"  
But the Shepherd shook the long locks from his brow—  
"The world is filled with sheep and corn;  
Thus was it of old, thus is it now,  
Thus, too, will it be while moon and sun  
Rule night and morn,  
For Nature and Life are one."

And after a thousand years were o'er,  
The Shadow paused over the spot once more.  
And lo! in the room of the meadow-lands  
A sea foamed far over saffron sands,  
And flashed in the noontide bright and dark,  
And a fisher was casting his nets from a bark;  
How marvelled the Shadow! "Where then is the plain?  
And where be the acres of golden grain?"  
But the fisher dashed off the salt spray from his brow—  
"The waters begirdle the earth alway,  
The sea ever rolled as it rolleth now:  
What babblest thou about grain and fields?  
By night and day  
Man looks for what Ocean yields."

And after a thousand years were o'er,  
The Shadow paused over the spot once more.  
And the ruddy rays of the eventide  
Were gilding the skirts of a forest wide;  
The moss of the trees looked old, so old!  
And valley and hill, the ancient mould  
Was robed in sward, an evergreen cloak;  
And a woodman sang as he felled an oak.  
Him asked the Shadow—"Rememberest thou  
Any trace of a Sea where wave those trees?"  
But the woodman laughed: Said he, "I trow,  
If oaks and pines do flourish and fall,  
It is not amid seas;—  
The earth is one forest all."

And after a thousand years were o'er,  
The Shadow paused over the spot once more.  
And what saw the Shadow? A city agen,  
But peopled by pale mechanical men,  
With workhouses filled, and prisons, and marts,  
And faces that spake exanimate hearts.  
Strange picture and sad! was the Shadow's thought;  
And, turning to one of the Ghostly, he sought  
For a clue in words to the When and the How  
Of the ominous Change he now beheld;  
But the man uplifted his care-worn brow—  
"Change? What was Life even but Conflict and Change?  
From the ages of old  
Hath affliction been widening its range."  
Enough! said the Shadow, and passed from the spot:—  
At last it is vanished, the beautiful youth  
Of the earth, to return with no To-morrow;  
All changes have chequered Mortality's lot;  
But this is the darkest—for Knowledge and Truth  
Are but golden gates to the Temple of Sorrow! M.